

T H E
Sorrowful Maiden's Garland,
Containing Three Choice
NEW SONGS.

1. The Sorrowful Maiden's Complaint for the Want of a Sweetheart.
2. The Sailor's welcome Reply to the Sorrowful Maiden's Complaint.
3. The Windfor Wedding; or, The Scornful Mistress and the Lieutenant.



Licensed and entered according to order.

The Sorrowful Maiden's GARLAND.

The Sorrowful Maiden's Complaint for the Want of a Sweetheart.

AS I was a walking all alone,
I heard a damsel make this moan,
I am discreet and handsome grown,

Yet I cannot be married :
I wonder what the cause should be,
That men are not in love with me ;
For to my grief, alas, I see,

That things are strangely carried.

Fair rosy cheeks and rowling eyes,
A handsome foot and leg likewise,
Yet bachelors doth me despise,

Sure things are strangely carried :
It is as well known when I am lac'd,
I have as fine a slender waste,
As ever mortal man embrac'd,

Yet I cannot be married.

My fingers they are long and small,
My stature is both straight and tall,
A worthy portion too withal,

Yet I cannot be married.

Some

Some dawdy, yellow, black, or brown,
 The very scum of all the town,
 Is wedded tho' not worth a crown,

Sure things are strangely carried.

I am as plump as any doe,
 Besides I can dance, sing, and sew,
 The reason why, I fain would know,
 That I cannot be married.

For, in a word, I dare engage,
 That I am fifteen years of age,
 It puts me almost in a rage,

To see how all things are carried.

I can both scour, bake, and brew,
 As well as *Nancy*, *Kate*, or *Sue*,
 And something else I'll learn to do,

In case I was but married.

But nasty flats that will not try.

Nor practise true industry,

They have far better luck than I,

Sure things are strangely carried.

My uncle left me forty pound,

Besides a piece of pasture ground,

Yet I have not a sweetheart found,

With whom I can be married :

Some that has not a groat in store,

They can have sweethearts, ten or more,

When I have none, I'm griev'd therefore

To see how things are carried.

I have some knowledge you may guess,
 Six years ago or something less,
 I could my jointed babies dress,
 'Tis time that I was married.
 Besides there is no doubt but I,
 Can sing the *Lew bo ba be* by;
 But young men will not let me try,
 Sure things are strangely carried.

*The Sailor's welcome Reply to the sorrowful
 Maiden's Complaint.*

A Jolly sailer drawing near,
 Who did this damsel over-hear,
 These words he said with pleasant chear,
 Things shall be fairly carried:
 My dear if thou'lt be rul'd by me,
 A happy damsel thou shalt be,
 Now by this kiss I will agree,
 My jewel to be married.

My dearest I am an honest tar,
 That ploughs the ocean far and near,
 What I can make I'll never mar,
 Things shall be fairly carried.
 I hear thou canst both brew and bake,
 And pretty jointed babies make,
 I love thee for thy knowledge sake,
 And we will soon be married.

Thy rosy cheeks and rowling eyes,
 Thy body's of a curious size,
 Above the world my dear I prize,
 Things shall be fairly carried.

The damsel cry'd with all my heart,
 Till death from thee I'll never part,
 I love thee for thy own desert,
 The conquest thou hast carried.

As thou hast land and money too,
 We need not spend our time to woo,
 I'll take thee without more to do,
 And we will soon be married.

They did not long disputing stand,
 He found that she had house and land,
 To Chatham they went hand in hand,
 Where they were fairly married.

THE WINDSOR WEDDING.

IN Windfor famous town did dwell,
 A maiden lady who did excel,
 All the other maidens in the place,
 For sparkling eyes and charming face,
 She was fair, she was kind,
 Yet she had a virtuous mind.

She had her fortune in her hand,
 Six thousand pound in cash and land,

Which portion many sweethearts brought ;
 But she reply'd, I have no thought
 For to wed, I'll tell you why,
 Men are false, a maid I'll die.

But at the length to her did come,
 A brisk young lad, a squire's son,
 Who vow'd he lov'd her as his life,
 And woo'd her for to be his wife ;
 But she cry'd stand you by,
 For a maid I'll live and die.

At her repulse they all gave o'er,
 I am sure there was half a score ;
 A Lieutenant to her since came,
 Who in the wars had many slain :
 Lady fair, he would cry,
 Love me, love me, or I die.

Sir, said the lady, I do find,
 You are a murderer of mankind ;
 To kill it is your business 'tis true,
 Ne'er let a woman then kill you ;
 Oh for shame, serve your queen,
 Let not love in war be seen.

I could castles storm, or fort,
 You in milder terms I court ;
 'Tis tender love I do impart,
 If you deny you'll break my heart:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, the lady cry'd,
For love I ne'er knew a soldier die.

Oh! dear madam, pray say not so,
My love is real, that you shall know;
By you, madam, my heart is slain:
There's none but you can cure again:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, the lady cry'd,
For love I ne'er knew a soldier die.

The Lieutenant at this did rave.
And cry'd, dear madam, I'm your slave;
Then took a pistol, and did say,
This shall end my life this day,

Welcome death, welcome grave,
None but you my life can save.

Oh! sir, it is not worth your while,
For love of me your life beguile,
No, keep your gun, and go your way
'Twill serve you another day;

Ha, ha, ha, ha, the lady cry'd,
For love I ne'er knew a soldier die.

Then out of the room she run,
And left her lover and his gun,
Which he immediately did place,
The barrel just against his waist,
then lady fly, bounce it went,
the lady scream'd with discontent,
Then straight into the room she run,
And saw he had his business done,

For he lay bleeding on the floor,
 And for help cry'd o'er and o'er,
 Haste and fly, or he'll die,
 Bring a Surgeon presently.

Then she laid him on the ground,
 Gently wiping of his wound,
 And with weeping eyes did say,
 Heavens save my love this day,
 If he live, him I'll have,
 C: I'll follow to the grave.

The Lieutenant did then reply,
 Ten thousand deaths I'd rather die;
 Therefore lady weep no more,
 Since you love I'm happy sure,
 For it is you my life has sav'd,
 And your love is all I crav'd.

Since Providence has taken such care,
 Of my dear love, his life to spare,
 And now our wedding day is nigh,
 For the future I'll ne'er cry,

 Ha, ha, ha, ha, maids take care,
 Lest your lovers should despair.

In Windfor chapel they were wed,
 Where flowers all the way were spread,
 A plenteous dinner too had they,
 With music, dancing all day 10 JU 52

 And at night in great store,
 They had pleasures more and more.